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ministration. "The Venus of Milo" (p. 62) is an astonishing misnomer for the *Venus of Melos*, there being no such statue in the world as the Venus of Milo. "Boulimie" should be *Boulimia*. "A young miss" is frightful; "to clearly distinguish," for *to distinguish clearly*, is abominable. "To have only fifty years" is not English, but French. It should be, of course, "to be only fifty years old." "Sacred images" (p. 124) should be *Sacred Pictures*, as the Greek Church does not permit the use of statues. "Jardin des Plantes" is very well in About's French; in Greek it is *Βοτανικὸς Κήπος*, and in English, *Botanical Garden*. "Anagnost" (p. 137) should be *Anagnostes*, or, better still, the English equivalent, *Reader*. The name of the British Minister is not Wise, but Wyse, — Sir Thomas Wyse. "Vasile" should be either Vasil, or Vasili; it is abbreviated for Basilios, pronounced Vasilios. "Kyrie Eleison" should be *Eleëson*. "Figure of his fortune" is not English; it should be, of course, *amount of his fortune*. "Gendarmery" is hardly English; *armed police* is the meaning of *χωροφύλακες*, the police of the country, stationed at different points throughout the kingdom of Greece. "Magera" should be *Megara*, or rather *Megarîs*; and "Megaspelëon" should be *Megaspélæon*. Greek newspapers are often mentioned, the names of which are given in French. They should either be translated into English, or the original name should be retained. The French phrases, *huit jours* and *quinze jours*, *a week* and *a fortnight*, are literally but incorrectly translated *eight days* and *fifteen days*. *Port-chibouk* should be translated *pipe-bearer*, as *cafedgi* is coffee-maker. "An ardent thirst" should be a "burning thirst." These are only specimens of the errors, many of them not very important, to be sure, with which the translation abounds.

On the whole, the book is witty but worthless; it is utterly false, and is better translated than it deserves to be.

28. — *Rome Contemporaine*. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris: M. Lévy Frères et Cie. 1861. 8vo. pp. 371.

THIS new volume upon "Rome" is the sequel to the former volume on the "Roman Question." Unlike the other, it has very little to say about the political affairs of the Papal State, and touches only incidentally upon ecclesiastical matters and relations. It sketches the life, manners, and character of the people, of the lowest, the middle, and the noble class; the inns, the lotteries, the assassinations, the *vetturini*, the beasts. We have a description of the Ghetto, and of the strange race which swarms there; and while the view of Jewish filth in Rome

is not mitigated, and the secret wealth of the Jews is quite denied, their condition is presented more favorably than by most writers upon Rome. The Jews of the Papal City seem now to have privileges not granted to Catholic subjects. They are subsidized rather than taxed; they are not confined by any wall, and if they cannot be mechanics, they are allowed to make money in small trades, and are not disturbed in their indolence. Their religion sometimes becomes a privilege; and About tells a good story of a Jew who had murdered his brother-in-law, yet on the trial, though the fact was clearly proved against him, was condemned merely to a few months' imprisonment, on the ground that he had only hastened the inevitable and just damnation incident to Jewish unbelief. If a Christian had been killed, it would have been a crime to be noticed. "But what have we done?" argued his counsel. "We have only killed a miserable Jew, damned in advance."

The manners of the Transteverini, the most original race of the Roman populace, who murder habitually, but rarely rob, are graphically described; and M. About was nearly able to *assist*, as the French say, at one of these murders. He witnessed a quarrel in a café in a company of gamblers, and shook hands with one of the players, who, in two minutes from leaving the house, was a corpse upon the pavement. His remark upon the convivial habits of the Romans will surprise those who have described these people as essentially sober. "When they do drink," he says, "they are the most formidable drinkers in all Europe; and there are few Roman women who cannot in this keep pace with the men." His opinion of the wine, too, is not that of the lovers of cheap "Orvieto." "It is nowhere good," he says, "and is served up in bottles of white glass, light as a breath, and fragile as virtue!"

The chapter on the *artisti* of Rome, singers, actors, painters, sculptors, and workers in articles of *vertu*, is extremely entertaining. An American, of course, who has got rich by commerce or bankruptcy, comes in as the patron of cheap and showy art, buys pictures by the load and statues by the ton, to be shipped to Cincinnati, caring only that they are "cheap," and have famous names attached to them. M. About does not seem to be aware of the scandal which has connected a famous American name with the manufacture, as well as the sale, of "works by the Old Masters." After laying in a full supply of heavy and life-sized works, *Guidos* and *Raphaels*, the Yankee finishes off with "an ample collection of antique monuments, reduced to mercantile proportion. He bought two Coliseums, an Arch of Titus, a Trajan's Column, four Obelisks, and a Tomb of the Scipios," and any quantity of cameos, mosaics, breastpins, and buttons. But the original picture by Apelles — price *ten millions* of dollars — was rather above his means.

The Roman army is a standing jest for Italian letter-writers, and M. About is not sparing of his satire in showing us how it is organized and officered. Not much, he thinks, can be expected of a people where the boys, instead of "playing soldier," play *curate*, dress themselves as abbés, say little masses and get up little processions. There is no want of natural courage; but the education of the people unfits them to be soldiers. The only use that the Pope has for an army is to keep his own people down; for if he should undertake any foreign conquest he would commit a "mortal sin," and would be logically forced to *damn himself*. The military grade in Rome, even in the highest rank, is below the ecclesiastical. The lowest priest is superior to the Colonel, and the *Generals* are all of the religious orders. The military schools teach very little.

The sports of the Roman boys are peculiar. M. About saw them fishing for swallows, throwing sparrows at a mark, and beating one another with kittens. In some of the villages, the young girls make visits accompanied by their *pig*, which has a *bambino* tied to its tail. The volume, indeed, is full of such amusing details. It is from beginning to end witty, fresh, and sparkling; but, as in all About's books, the reader has an uneasy feeling (and not without ample reason) that truth is often sacrificed to "point." In this book on Rome there is undoubtedly excessive exaggeration. But along with the grotesque it gives the good and pleasant aspects of Roman life. It is satirical, but not mocking and sad, like the pictures of Heine.

The volume will, of course, be translated, and every one will read it. The translator, however, we think, would improve it by omitting wholly the long Introduction, which is a sketch of Marseilles, and has nothing to do with the rest of the book.